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TELEGRAM

Foreign Service of the United States of America

OUTGOING AmEmbassy LONDON

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ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON

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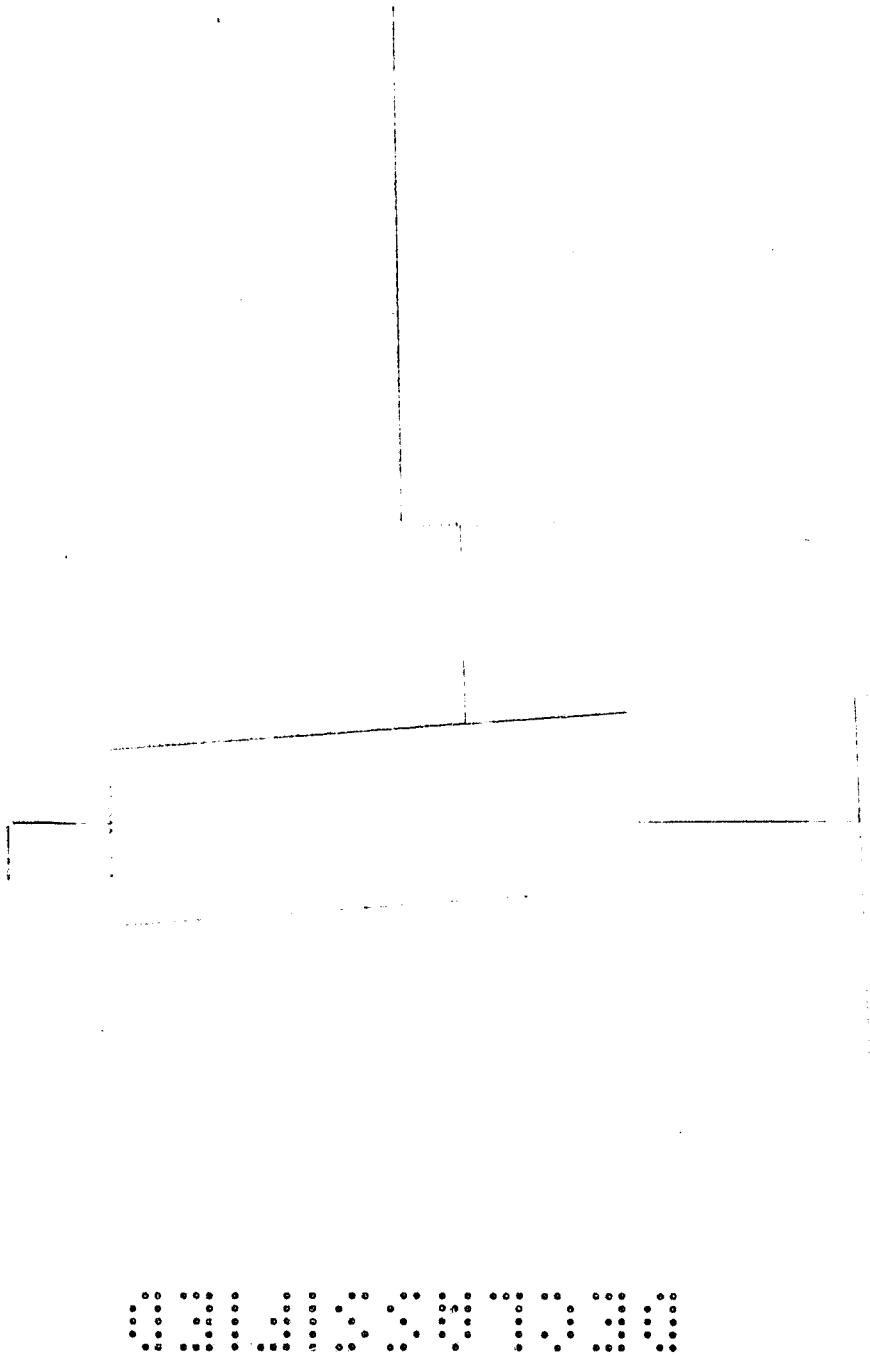

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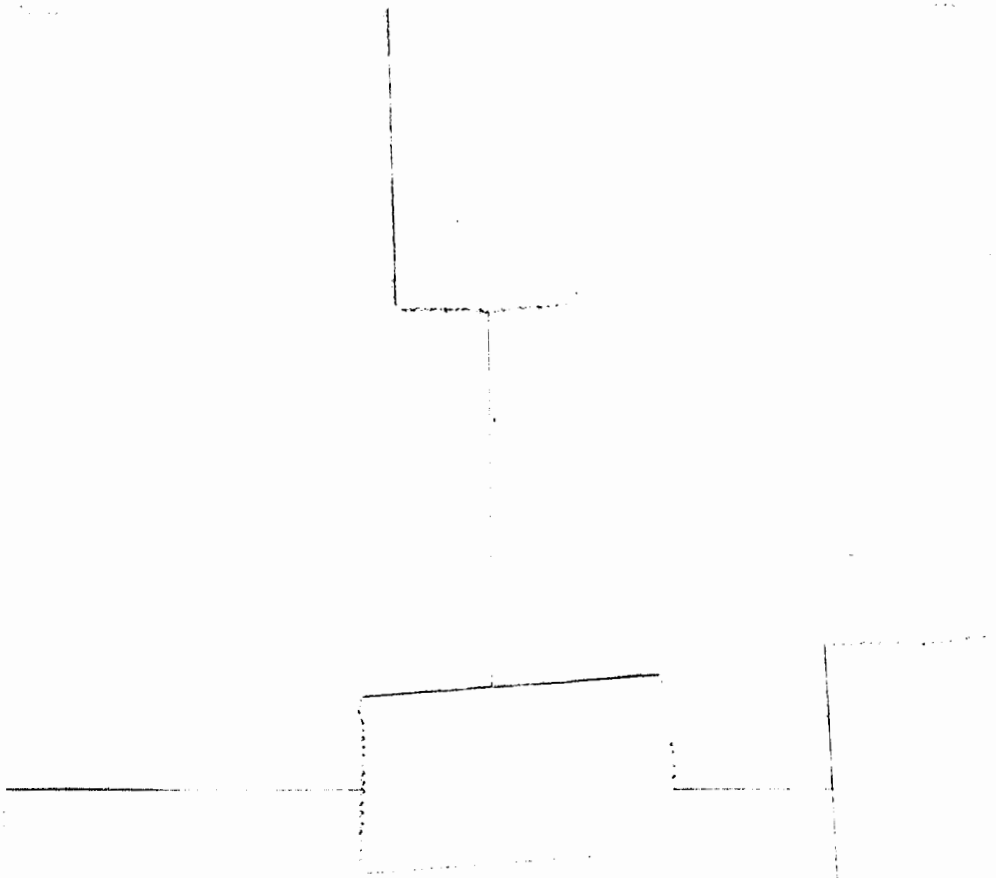

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John Max-Muller, Fleur Meyer's solicitor, called on me this afternoon. He said he would represent me in connection with the lease of an apartment at Albany. I was much taken with him; his father [redacted] served for years in the British Embassy in Washington under Cecil Spring-Rice.

Loftus Becker, over from Paris, came to see me. His senior partner, John Cahill, aged 62, has just been stricken here with what has been diagnosed as an inoperable abdominal cancer. Lofty expects to stay here until Cahill dies, which may be a matter of only a few days. He was suddenly felled, with no previous warning of his condition.

Bill Trimble came to see me. As Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, he was sent here to talk to the British about the situation in Nigeria. It is delicate, unpromising, and distressing. Several thousand Ibos have been murdered, and the tribes are bitter against each other.

Mary O'Shaughnessy and her three children arrived this afternoon to stay.

E and I went tonight to dinner with Edna and Denis Healey at Admiralty House. They are occupying the second floor of this magnificent establishment as living quarters. The other guests were Helen and Michael Adeane, Kitty and Frank Giles, the Minister of Defence for the Navy (J. P. W. Mallalieu). and his wife. Mallalieu, a student of American politics queried me about nicknames and first names of Presidents. To his surprise, I told him that Woodrow Wilson, in his college years and thereafter, by friends [redacted] formed during that period, was always addressed as Tommy, but after he became President, like his predecessors and successors, was never called by his first [redacted] name, even by members of his family other than his two wives.

Denis was critical of the German attitude toward offset costs. He also said he was sorry Jack McCloy had been named as the American representative for tripartite discussions of Nato affairs, because he thought Jack was too pro-German. I told him I disagreed with this. [redacted]

Giles had just returned from Teheran, where he [redacted] interviewed the Shah. After telling amusing stories about conditions in Iran, he sparred with Healey over possible British entry into the Common Market, which I think Denis opposes.

The Healeys are attractive. The conversation was general, and we all enjoyed ourselves. [redacted]

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The Yugoslav Ambassador, Ivo Sarajcic, talked frankly about Germany, Vietnam, the Soviet Union, as if he had no strong prejudices against the West. He thought a non-proliferation agreement [redacted] desirable, even though it might be violated later on by one of the parties with the excuse they had to protect their national interests. He did not believe the failure of the Chinese and the French to subscribe to such an undertaking would make much difference, since neither of them would be in a position for many years to menace powerful neighbors.

He expressed the usual fear of a revival of German militarism, but saw no such tendency at this time.

November 1, 1966 - Tuesday

November commenced appropriately with a genial outburst of sunny, cold weather.

Chalmers Wood came to see me this morning. He is here on holiday. He finds his English friends much less impassioned over Vietnam than when he left here a few months ago. I notice also this change in attitude. It is not shared, however, by the organizations that still send their dreary placard carriers to patrol around Grosvenor Square.

Bronson Tweedy, who replaced Archie Roosevelt, entertained me this morning with what little is known of the inside story of the Blake defection, as well as the arrest of an American soldier of German origin who has been peddling top secret information at home to the Soviets. Although I was sorry to lose Roosevelt when his time was up, I am pleased by his replacement.

Colonel John Glenn, the aeronaut, and Morgan J. Cramer, former President of the Lorillard Company, came to see me this afternoon. Glenn has his finger in several business pies on the Continent and here. They are an attractive, enterprising pair.

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Lewis Preston, head of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company in the City, came to see me this afternoon with Mr. Workman, his Foreign Exchange expert. I talked to them about the matter Max-Muller had mentioned to me the other day, namely instances where American citizens residing in Great Britain can [redacted] use investment dollars for the purchase of Sterling, rather than have their dollars transferred into restricted Sterling accounts. This is a highly technical matter, and I concluded, after talking to them, that I would not avail myself of whatever opportunities of this kind might be opened to me.

[redacted]

November 2, 1966 - Wednesday

The Ambassador of Senegal, who arrived here last month, Mr. Seyni Loum, called on me this morning. He is 40 years old, speaks excellent English, as well as French, and has served in the past as Ambassador to Ghana and afterwards to Moscow, with additional accreditation to Poland. Beside being posted here, he is also Ambassador to the Scandinavian countries. A lawyer by profession, he struck me as intelligent and sensible, with a highly developed sense of humor. He thought the episode involving the off-loading in Accra of the Guinea delegation to Ethiopia was an absurd performance on the part of both countries.

I lunched at Brooks Club today with Solly Zuckerman. We had a conversation with Roy Jenkins, who has to date accredited himself brilliantly in the House of Commons over the Blake case. Solly told me a good deal about his trip to Moscow, where he discussed with the Soviets the extension of the test ban agreement, and seismic detection. We have been fully informed on this matter, but have as yet taken no Government position on whether we would join with the British and Soviets in examining it on a technical level. Zuckerman feels moderately optimistic about the chances of developing a substantial accord in this field. Any final decisions will have to be made at the political levels of government, but it would seem to me useful if the scientists could agree upon an objective statement of the technical facts before the

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I believe the answer is simple: conversation attracted him, authorship did not. He preferred playing with words in speech to committing them to paper. He adored discourse, not as a monologue, but to provoke the reactions of others. There was something Socratic in his method of making reticent people give utterance to their inmost reflections.

Any comment on him would be incomplete if one ~~were to~~ neglected to emphasize his delight in life, which he called the Blue Danube side of his nature. Though he was a profound scholar, a great judge, an admirable teacher, he believed

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intellectual knowledge to be merely an adjunct to the development of personality.

When he reached the United States from Austria, at the age of twelve, he knew no English, and spent several months puzzling over the identity of "this Jan Laundry, who must be very rich because he has so many stores."

After learning the language, he regarded it with reverence, as have other foreigners, such as Joseph Conrad, who discovered it with almost the same sense of wonder as if they had ~~invented~~ Columbus upon a new continent. This perhaps

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explains why, drawing on his "gluttonous" reading, his talk smacked so strongly of the exotic.

Even at the time he first landed in the United States, the bones of his character were already formed. Knowledge to him then and always was something to be ravenously gulped. His curiosity was an insatiable demon.

He disdained exclusive attention to a single branch of learning; this impelled him on one memorable occasion to send an entire class from the Harvard Law School to the Boston Art Museum for a week of unscheduled contemplation.

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Above all, I th . what should most be remembered about him was an uncommon capacity for affection in human relationships. As Acheson remarked: "He elevates friendship from a vague consciousness of being sympathetic with another person to an art which he practices assiduously." Acheson also observed: "He lives in personal relations like a fish lives in water."

Some of you know what paramount importance he attached to friendship. He felt it should be ~~XXXXXXXXXXX~~ constantly nurtured, not lightly embraced or discarded.

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Full of compassion, warmth, gaiety, and inexhaustible vitality, he might well be compared with Sir Thomas More, "A Man for all Seasons".

"The letter killeth, the spirit quickeneth" we read in Holy Writ; to this dictum Frankfurter fully subscribed.

His parents must surely have been gifted with a rare prescience when they named him Felix, for no single word could more aptly epitomize his sunny humanity.

Remembering him, it is easy to say with

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(in my hasty Latin)

Tacitus, "Tu Vero Felix, non bitter tantum ~~vitae~~ claritate, sed etiam ~~in~~ opportunitate mortis."

(You were indeed fortunate not alone in the splendor of your life, but also in the circumstances of your death - Agricola.)

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Mr. Macaskie was the only one of the guests who was dressed for a formal occasion. He is a fine looking old gentleman, white haired, and wore a grey cut away, as well as a grey top hat. As the Senior Bencher of Gray's Inn, he is an interesting figure in the legal world.

I came back to London with Foster and Lewis, and went to the office.

Before leaving this morning, I received a telegram from Averell Harriman, asking me to take up with Ted Heath a message Heath had sent Harriman with a copy to myself, about what Rapacki had said on the subject of bringing about a possible conference on Vietnam. I called Ted on the telephone and arranged to have Bill Brubeck discuss this with him.

Helen Coolidge arrived today to spent a week with us.

June 29, 1966 - Wednesday

I left this morning by train for Crewe, whence I drove ten miles to Keele, to attend the ceremony of Conferment of Degrees. HRH the Princess Margaret is Chancellor of Keele University, and gave a lunch for the guests at Keele Hall. I sat next her at lunch, and had an enlivening conversation with her, mostly about the various newspaper magazine articles, and speeches that have recently focused on what is termed "the decadence of the youth of Great Britain." I feel, as she does, that on balance the activities of these young people, particularly in the arts, is an encouraging sign of vitality. She is always fun to talk to. Afterwards, we motored over to Stoke-on-Trent (where the Spode pottery works are located) for the degree ceremony. I was the first to be called to the platform, where I stood while the Public Orator, Professor E. M. Hugh-Jones, delivered the following comments on me:

Afterwards I knelt on a prie-Dieu placed in front of Princess Margaret, and was tapped on the head by her with a soft velvet cap that looked like a beret. Previously, with the other to-be honorary holders, I had been robed in a gown, hood and cap, the last prescribed to be carried under the right arm. A small succession of others were likewise given the degree of Doctor of Letters, Honoris Causa. They were Baron Murray of Newhaven, Cicely Veronica Wedgwood, John George Smith, and Gladys Harris. Afterwards, we sat for a couple of hours on the platform while the Princess acknowledged the bows and curtsies of a large number of students who received degr[illegible].

I came back to London on an evening train, where I dined pleasantly. These trains attain speeds of 100 miles an hour, but are still comfortable.

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H. E. The American Ambassador

Although the thirteen colonies on the eastern seaboard of America declared their independence on the 4th July 1776, it was not until 1st October 1957 that the last shackles of colonialism fell from their limbs when Britain abandoned the right to send letters to them at the same postage rate as to other parts of the Commonwealth and so, at last, conceded that the United States is a foreign country. There are many advantages in regarding one's first cousins as foreigners--their differences from ourselves appear less inexcusable, and the similarities more admirable.

Appropriately enough, at about the same time, the University of Keele established the first undergraduate course in American Studies outside the continental United States; it is now the largest in this country and a Department of the University in its own right. What began experimentally under the auspices of the American Ambassador of that day has burgeoned and expanded in no small degree through the help and understanding it has received from the Embassy under his successor, who is with us today.

It is entirely fitting that we should honour a man of whom it has been said that there is no other American with a comparable knowledge of the crucial problems of Europe. That knowledge began in 1917, when, like others of his generation, he broke off his studies at the University of Princeton to enlist in the American army: he went to France with the Field Artillery. During the ensuing years, he pursued a successful career as a lawyer, banker, was prominent in industry, an active patron of opera and the visual arts, and author. At the outbreak of the Second World War he was summoned, like Cincinnatus, from his farm and from the Virginia House of Delegates, to be the chief representative in Britain, of the American Red Cross. This was a task demanding infinite tact and a patience not unworthy of his Scottish ancestor, Robert the Bruce, the famous watcher of spiders. With America's entry into the war, he helped in the organization, and later became the European head, of the Office of Strategic Services--the cloak and dagger department of the American war effort, fighting, behind the enemy lines, une guerre obscure et meritoire. His activities were here, if I may borrow a word from Sam Goldwyn--unspeakable, but it is now permissible to reveal that in Paris he helped Hemingway to liberate the Ritz and that, while lying under a lorry during a brisk hail of bullets in the Avenue de la Grand Armee was tapped on the ankle by a well-dressed Frenchman who remarked "Excuse me for interrupting, but would you like to come across to my house for a glass of champagne when this fuss is over?" He also received military decorations not only from his own country and Britain, but from five other European countries as well.

After the war he did not return to his farm, but, as a Minister and diplomat, helped in the process of beating swords into plough shares both in Europe and in Latin America. It was while serving under the Marshall

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Aid programme as Director of the mission to France of the Economic Cooperation Administration, that he was appointed Ambassador in Paris where his knowledge of the history of France and sympathy with its people, which included an appreciation of French wines, provoked a reciprocal appreciation and affection from the French themselves. After a period in which, himself a Democrat in politics, he was President Eisenhower's special representative in Europe to the Coal and Steel Community, he was appointed Ambassador to the Federal German Republic, where he was as popular in Bonn as he had been in Paris. From Paris and Bonn he came to London, scoring a triple play as unique in the diplomatic service as that from Tinker to Evers to Chance was in baseball.

Nine score and ten years ago, Tom Paine wrote that the cause of America is in great measure the cause of mankind. This is perhaps even more true today, and we in Britain may be glad that the cause is being sustained by a man whose service to other countries is not the less whole-hearted because he is a Trusty Servant of his own. Your Royal Highness and Chancellor, on behalf of the Senate I present to you a friend of Britain, His Excellency David Kirkpatrick Este Bruce, Minister Extraordinary and Ambassador Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Court of St. James, Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, to be admitted to the Degree of Doctor of Letters, honoris causa.

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The evening Manchester newspaper reported, but in no detail, that our aviation had today bombarded the oil storage tanks near Haiphong and Hanoi. After I got home I obtained further details on these raids, which seem to have been signally successful.

June 30, 1966 - Thursday

The papers this morning here, at home, and on the Continent, are filled with articles and accounts, most of them denunciatory of our bombing the oil installations near Haiphong and Hanoi. The Prime Minister issued the expected statement yesterday afternoon disassociating himself from this action.

According to Bob McNamara, the operation was extremely successful, and we lost only one aeroplane, the pilot of which was captured and is being exhibited as a North Vietnamese trophy. There is no reckoning of the number of civilians killed, but it is said such casualties were minor.

At any rate, the long suspense is over, and since the operation was inevitable, it is well to have had it carried out before there was any further dispersal of oil supplies by the enemy.

Today our bombers are following up by attacking other such installations throughout North Vietnam.

I lunched today with Diana Cooper, who had Bridget McEwen, Ali Forbes, Norman St. John Stevas, and a foreign Prince and his wife. We had a delicious meal in the garden in bright sunshine, but sheltered by enormous hats lent by Diana.

Tom Driberg, Labour MP, came to see me this afternoon, accompanied by Paul Channon, son of Chips Channon, who originally hailed from Chicago. They are interested in the preservation of 19th and 20th Century Official Architectural Landmarks. Their particular object was to ask whether I would make representations in respect to keeping in Chicago the Reliance Building, designed by Charles B. Atwood. I undertook to write to Mayor Daley of Chicago on this subject, as well as to Bill Benton. They also expect to raise it with UNESCO, and my letter to Bill Benton will bolster their approach to that organization.

Lawrence Tower, engaged in research for a book on the American Flag, to be published under the auspices of the General Society of Colonial Wars, came to see me, with a letter of introduction from Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island.

Tower has done some useful research, and I found him interesting. He is a cousin of a former friend of mine who committed suicide some years ago, Roderick Tower, whose father, Charlemagne Tower, was once our Ambassador to Germany. Lawrence now has possession of all the Charlemagne papers, and proposes to cull [redacted] from them.

General Smart, Commander in Chief of USAFE (Europe), of four-star rank, called on me. He is retiring at the age of 57, and expects to form business connections at home.

A Britisher, former Ambassador Laver, who had been of considerable assistance to our people in Brazzaville, and who handled our interests at that post when we withdrew our mission, came to see me with Wen Coote. He has retired from the Foreign Service at the age of 57, with full pension, since an assignment to hardship posts qualified him to do so without awaiting the limit of 60 years.

E went to a reception given by Melvin Lasky for Mary and Mac Bundy, while I went to say farewell to the Cromers at the Bank of England.

I talked to Mac several times on the telephone. He announced at a press conference yesterday a gift by the Ford Foundation, matched by the Wolfson Foundation, the whole amounting to almost 8 million dollars, for the establishment of a new college at Oxford to be named after Wolfson, the Master of which will be Isaiah Berlin. He also offered a Ford grant to St. Anthony's College, Oxford, of a million-odd pounds, provided a matching sum is raised.

Mac still keeps alert to international political developments, so we discussed at some length our bombing and other complications.

The Cromer farewell attracted a tremendous number of people. It is the first time ladies have ever been admitted to the sumptuous and large rooms at the Bank of England, which were crowded with people from all occupations and ranks of society.

Rowlie was Governor for the usual term of five years, but either refused or was not offered re-appointment. Although the Prime Minister has been at times critical of Rowlie's management and public utterances, and denigrated him, he appeared at the reception with Mrs. Wilson and some of his staff, remaining there long after most of the guests had left.

Rowlie is a splendid fellow, and has certainly done an excellent patriotic job at the Bank. I am inclined to believe he was not offered re-appointment, for Harold Wilson, in conversation with Mac Bundy earlier in the day, told Mac he was going to say good-bye to Cromer, since "having sacked him, he felt he ought to attend the funeral." I fell into conversation with Halls, the Prime Minister's principal private secretary, who recounted to me the row in the House of Commons today over the demand for a debate on Vietnam posed by Michael Foot and other opponents of Wilson's general policy of supporting us there. Halls said that ordinarily such a question would have been disposed of in five minutes, but the contention went on for fifty minutes, to the delight of the Conservatives, and no decision was reached. Probably there will be a debate next week, and it will be a hot one.

The PM took me aside and said he had just finished dictating a lengthy message to President Johnson, explaining his own actions in connection with our latest bombing, and expressing his understanding of the painful predicament in which the President found himself.

I look forward to reading this telegram, since Wilson said the free and easy tone of it horrified those few to whom he showed it, but he thought he should make it as informal as possible, and had expressed his thoughts in his own personal style.

From there, I went on to join E at the Savoy, where Gilbert and Kitty Miller were giving their annual dinner dance. Sasha, Helen Coolidge and Isa Barzun joined us there. I sat between Kitty and Loelia Westminster, and afterwards saw lots of friends and strangers. I think, on the whole, this is the largest and most cosmopolitan party given each year in London. My guess is both Millers are over 80--Gilbert is rather crippled, but she seems indestructible.

Got to bed late.

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